# A Myrrour for man

## where in he shall see the myserable state of thys worlde.

O Man remember, from hence thou shalte passe
Lyke as thy fygure, ones sene in a glasse
Doeth vanysshe awaye, yea, so shall thy breath
Bring earth vnto earth, whē strike the doth death
Thys world, wyse men cal, a thorow fayre to the
Folowe thou it not, from vyce do thou flee
Seke after knowledge, the trueth to auaunce
Desyre not to see, thy neyghbours myschaunce
Beware of thre thynges, print them well in mynde
The deuyl, the flesshe, the worlde that is blynde
Feare God and thy Prince, be looth to offende
Take nothing in hande, but thincke on the ende
Let wysdom the rule, and knowledge wyth al
Than thou shalt stand fast, wher other men fall
Yf thou wyll auoyde, greate aduersytie
Let other mens fautes, be myrrour to the
Yf thou wylt leade, a lyfe wyth great ease
Do as most men do, thou shalt feawe displease
Desyre not to haue, no more than thy owne
For corne is not had, but whr sede is sowen
Therowe couetousnes, is all out of tyme
And many riche realmes, it hath brought to ruyne

Some men haue treasure, and hartes ease at wyll
yet euer wyshinge, and neare hath theyr fyll
Soch fylthy lucre, embraceth theyr hartes
So that thei may haue, thei force not who smartes
And though they haue all, yet for more they gape
They drinke both the wyne, & lokes for the grape
Whych maketh the poore, tyght sore to lament
For they haue nothing, but for dobble rent
They wold wyn theyr fode, wyth labour and sweat
yet all wyll not helpe, theyr rent is so great
And wher they were wont, to vpholde a plowe
Now skarce can they fynd, the grasse for a cowe
Theyr chyldrē do watche, as haukes for their praye
yet can they not get, one good meale a daye
Soch wofull mornynge, as is in Englande
Was neuer before, I dare take in hande
In euery place, where as I do walcke
I heare men complayne, and thys is theyr talcke
O Lord God they saye, now heare our requeste
And comfort the poore, that are sore oppreste
The riche that fares well, and hath nothing skant
Doth neuer conceaue, what the poore doeth want
But yf that some men, on them take no rueth
They are all vndone, this is the playne trueth
I wold this were knowen, among the best sorte
Thā shuld the poore men, soone haue some cōforte
The rich are fayre flowres, the poore ar but weedes
yet God shal take count of euery mans dedes
And when that the Lord, shall syt in Judgement
Than they that dyd wronge, tyght sore shal repēt
Therfore o thou man, that fayne wold do well
Lyue thou according, to Christes gospell

Folowe

Folowe not theyr steps, whose dedes are vnlust
Remembre thys world, shal turne vnto dust
Yf conscyence be slayne, wyth pompe and ryches
Wysdome is turned, to greate folychnes
Of no kynd of thyng, desyre not to myche
yf thou be contente, than sure thou arte ryche
Better is lyttel, wyth ease to posses
Than with moche trouble, to haue greate ryches
As sycknes and health, can neuer agre
So golde wythout rest, is but mysere
Beholde wel thys world, take warnynge in tyme
And marke how they fall, that vseth to clyme
Euen nowe a dayes, soche wonders are sene
As many men thought, coulde neuer haue bene
Some men from honor, are brought to great care
And endeth theyr lyues ryght naked and bare
Some men from nothynge, do come to estate
And yet at the lengthe, are infortunate
Some men lyueth in welth, and pleasure long whyll
yet sodaynely gone, and put in eryll
Syns wealth nor honor, on earth hath no rest
I poore godly lyfe, I thynke it is best
Amonge all degrees, a faute may be spyed
Whych maketh thys worlde, to lye a tonesyed
Lordes were ones liberal, but nowe ware they harde
The poore and nedye, they lytle regarde
Judges gene Judgement, sometimes not with right
Lawyers for money, bredes truth out of syght
Bysshops and preachers, seke lyuynges agayne
And whan they ware ryche, they take lytle payne
Marchantes & craftes men, selles al thynges to deare
And tell them who lyst, that wyl they not heare

Great bankets are kepte, where good is plente
To norysshe theyr lustes, nothynge is deynte
Baylyfs and sheryfs, one faute they punysshe
And seeth a hundreth, encrease and florysshe
Gentyl men were wont, examples to geue
Whych caused poore men, ryght well for to lyue
But now who lyues worse, than men of renowne
O howe is vertue, so sone layde downe
Women do wander, wyth euery doctryne
And some do dysputе, moche lyke a deuyne
Yong men are blynded, so wyth vayne glory
That wyse men do laghe, at theyr great folly
Men shoulde learne wysedome, at men graue & saege
Who doteth so moche, as men doeth in aege
Thus vpon hye thynges, I wyll geue no saute
It may be well sene, that fewe is wythout faute
But sens that the lorde, thys world dyd begynne
Was neuer yet sene, so moche vyce and synne
As is now vpon earth, amonge more and les
Whose dedes yf you mark, may beare good witnes
The father doth now, dysceaue hys owne chylde
Who trusteth hys brother, is oft tymes begylde
Dysceyt and falshed, puts ryght out of place
Trueth kepeth sylence, thys is a sore case
Sweryng and whoredome, dysemblaunce and crafte
For all theyr preachynge, yet wyl not be lafte
Usery is held, wyth them that seme wyse
Nowe for a ryght trade, of good marchaundyse
All thynges are turned, so farre oute of frame
That men lyue now, lyke beastes wythout shame
Now those that do well, is worne out of thoughte
But pryuye pyckthankes, are made vp of nought

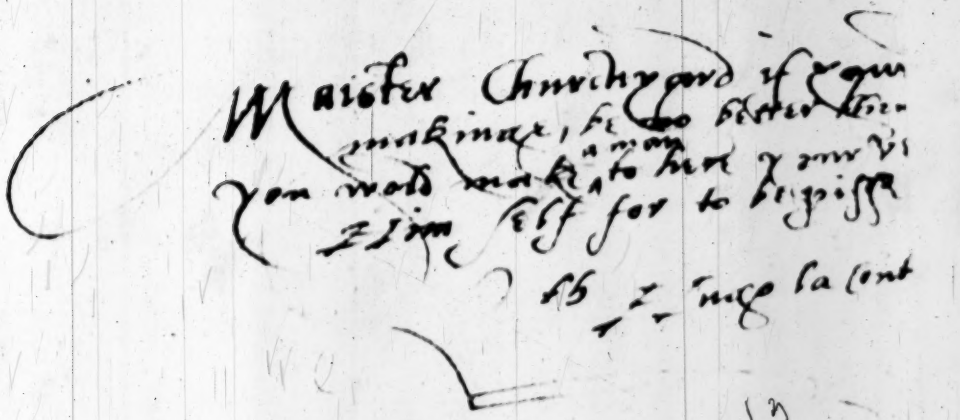
Flatterers

Flatterers wyth tales, doeth worke men moche woe
Whose wordes are as swyft, as shaft out of boo
Defame and sklander, are busy tyght ofte
About all estates, wyth wordes fayre an softe
yf vertue come not, and banyshe all thys
Thys word can not last, not longe as it is
I truste ones to se, that men shal abore
Theyr vycyous lyues, and repente it sore
Than god shall sende grace, from heuen aboue
To set vs in rest, and brotherlye loue
Than we shal se prace, wher now is dyscorde
And syng psalmes wyth hert, in prayse of the lorde
The poore shall lyue well, the ryche shall reioyce
Than god shall haue laude, of euery mans voyce
The earth shal encrease, and bringe forth moch sede
Than shall we not wante, no good thyng we nede
In euery kyngdom, shalbe rest and peace
All maner of plagues, at that tyme shall seace
So that al vyces, both braunches and rote
Shall wythder away, and lye vnder fote
Than we shal prospere, and lyue in good healthy
And all thynges shall turne, vnto our owne wealth
God shall so loue vs, yf we do bewayle
Ther shall no daunger, agaynst vs preuayle
Nor no myshortune, shall make vs afrayed
For God shall so be, oure succour and ayde
Ryght happye is he, that lyueth tyll than
To see soch great loue, betwene God and man
Here haue I set forth, after a playne sorte
The state of thys worlde, in sentens ryght shorte
For the thou blynde man, that goeth astraye
I lyghten thys lampe, to learne thee the waye

Now

Now here is two wayes, do chose which thou wylte
Ether to be take, or els to be spylte
I can do no more, but shewe thee the eyght
To chaunge the yll lyke, lyes not in my myght
I wold that my wordes, were grauen in stone
That al the whole worlde, myght loke them vppon
Although they haue heard, as moch as I know
yet think they on warres, whē tropers doth blowe
The ofter they se, a thynge that is yll
The lesse cause they haue, to beare it good wyll
yf I could thonder, in euery mans eares
I wold them exhort, wyth wepynge and teares
yet many do teache, and fewe do amende
They take lytle hede, what tyme they do spende
Though plage vpō plage, doth shew them gods yre
yet for to lyue wel, they haue no desyre
Nowe what shulde I more, on soche thynges deuyne
Man hath no more grace, than god doeth assyne
Therfore vnto god, I wolde haue them crepe
And for their great synnes, to morne wayle & wepe
He wyl them receaue, and geue them a place
Wher angels do lyue, by syght of hys face.

Finis quod Thomas Churschard.

God saue the kyng.

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